

## Oatmeal Raisin by flashforeward

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**Summary:**

Steve is babysitting Erica and when Billy drops by he fixes Steve's cookie mistake

## Oatmeal Raisin

### Author's Note:

thank you to imcaptainrum for betaing this for me!  
you rock!

"Nobody likes these cookies."

Steve ground his teeth and continued stirring the batter together. Apparently, Mrs. Sinclair had heard how wonderful Steve was at babysitting - from who Steve was still trying to figure out - and since the boys were at Mike's house for D&D and she had an appointment, she'd asked Steve to look after Erica for a few hours.

He hadn't expected this to be even more exhausting than hunting demodogs in mindflayer tunnels.

He also hadn't expected to ever think the words *demodog* or *mindflayer* in his life but here he was.

"Lots of people like oatmeal raisin," he said, adding the raisins.

Erica shook her head, curls bouncing. "Not me, make something else."

"I've already started these," Steve said, gesturing helplessly at the bowl. "And besides this is all I have the ingredients for."

Oddly, he was going to have to talk to his mom about stocking up on cookie baking supplies for future babysitting gigs. How had his life turned out this way?

The doorbell rang, and he heaved out a sigh. He set the bowl and a scoop next to the baking sheet. "Here," he said. "You scoop them, four across and five down, okay?"

Erica rolled her eyes, still not sold on the cookie choice, but she started scooping while Steve hurried to wash his hands and go to answer the door. "Sorry," he said, pulling it open to find Billy standing on his doorstep. "Er. Hi?"

Billy leaned forward, peering into the house. "You home alone, Harrington?" he asked.

"I'm, er, babysitting," Steve admitted.

Billy raised his eyebrows and pushed past Steve into the house. Rolling his eyes, Steve closed the door and followed Billy back to the kitchen. "Thought you said you were babysitting, not utilizing child labor," he said, leaning against the door jamb and gesturing at Erica, hard at work spacing out the balls of dough.

"She wanted to make cookies," Steve said, bristling.

"I wanted to make chocolate chip," Erica said.

"And I said we don't have chocolate chips."

Billy glanced from Steve to Erica, then stepped forward to peer into the mixing bowl. He made a face. "Oatmeal raisin?" he asked. "Nobody likes oatmeal raisin."

"That's what I said!" Erica agreed, setting down the scoop and shooting a glare at Steve.

Steve pulled in a deep breath and let it out slowly, trying to keep his temper in check. "Why are you even here?" Steve asked, glaring at Billy.

Those eyebrows rose again and Billy tilted his head to one side like Uh, duh?

And oh.

Oh shit.

They had a date. Their first actual date. And Steve had not only forgotten, but he was also stuck here until Mrs. Sinclair came to pick Erica up. He grimaced, shooting an apologetic look at Billy who just shrugged, like it didn't matter. But his shoulders had slumped and his expression fell. He dipped a finger into the cookie batter and scooped some out, eating it slowly.

Erica made a face. "You're supposed to bake it first," she said.

Billy grinned. "It's good this way, go ahead." He tilted the bowl towards her and before Steve could step in Erica had taken a finger-full and was eating it. "Good, right?" Billy asked, winking at Steve.

Steve surged forward and pulled the bowl away from them. "If she gets sick...", he said, glaring at Billy.

Billy rolled his eyes. "She'll be fine."

"*She* is sitting right here! And I still wants chocolate chip."

"We're making oatmeal raisin."

"Nobody *likes* oatmeal raisin!"

Billy held up a hand and Steve froze, not sure what was going to happen. Billy had gotten better lately - fewer outbursts, less violence - but he still slipped. He was working on it, but it wasn't like he was going to get better overnight.

"I have an idea," he said, lowering his hand slowly - he must have seen Steve stiffen, which made Steve feel bad, but...he supposed Billy must be used to it by now. "Does your mom have baking chocolate?"

"Er. Yeah?"

Billy took the mixing bowl and shoed Steve towards the cupboards. Steve rifled around and found the chocolate, handing it to Billy, confused. Billy smiled and winked at Erica as he dropped a few teaspoons of chocolate into the batter and stirred it up. "It won't be the same, and it still has raisins," he said, glaring at Steve, who rolled his eyes, "but you'll get your chocolate fix."

Erica grinned as Billy slid the newly mixed batter back to her and she began scooping the cookies with more enthusiasm. Steve slid the first tray into the oven, then pulled Billy out into the hall. "I'm so sorry," he whispered. "I really didn't mean to forget, this was totally last minute."

"Forget what?" Billy asked, raising those damn eyebrows again. His

tongue flicked across his lower lip and Steve went hot. "We're baking cookies, aren't we?" He slipped past Steve back into the kitchen, perching on the stool beside Erica and eating the batter slowly while she told him to stop. Steve stood in the doorway for a second, a small smile tugging at his lips as he remembered how impossible this would have been not too long ago, and now...

"Steve! He's eating all the cookie dough!"

Steve laughed and slipped back into the kitchen, pulling the bowl out of Billy's reach and smiling at the amused glare Billy shot him. It might not have been the date they'd planned but it seemed to be working out.